

REMARKS

ON

Algernoon Sidney's

PAPER,

Delivered to the

SHERIFFS

AT HIS

Execution.

THe great Aim of this Paper, like that of the late Lord *Russel*, is a continued Justification of a dying Traytor's Innocence, a virulent and declamatory Harangue against the Magistracy of the Nation, loaded with so much Obloquie and Injustice, thrown upon the Court, the Judges, and the very Government it self; that 'tis a perfect Appeal to the People to revenge his blood, and an open and visible Exhortation to them to push them on to the finishing of that Work, which himself dy'd for, and which his own shortned thread did not hold out to see accomplisht; and all under a shadow of Truth, but an Intayling of his Guilty Principles to Posterity.

But alas! his mighty Protections of all Saint, and no Sinner, are so awkwardly and so lewdly put together, that half an Eye of sense cannot but spy through the Falsty of them. This Gentleman, however, is an Original of his Kind; and if the Candidness and not the Inadvertency of the Author, be to be thank't, has dealt more plainly with the World than his Predecessor *Russel*; for instead of Prayers for the King, and the Prosperity of the Crown, and a Detestation of *Anarchy*, he very ingenuously avoids so poor a Disguise, and with a bar-fac'd Openness, avows his *Republican* Principles, and his utter aversion to *Monarchy*.

To come to the Paper. The first material thing he tells us, is, That *We live in an Age, that makes Truth pass for Treason; which his Tryal and Condemnation, he says sufficiently evidences.* Tho truly his unhappy Paper has rather turn'd the Tables, and proved Mr. *Sidney* has a greater Mind to make *Treason pass for Truth*; a Truth too, so divine, that his very last Ejaculation is, *His glorifying of the Mercy of God, in permitting him to dye a Witness to.* He goes on and says, *West, Rumsey, and Keyling, who were brought to prove the Plot, said no more of me, than that they knew me not; and some others equally unknown unto me, had used my Name; and that of some others, to give a little Reputation unto their Designs.* The Lord Howard is too infamous by his Life, and the many Perjuries not to be denyed, or rather sworn by himself, to deserve mention; and being a single Witness would be of no value, though he had been of unblemished Credit, and had not seen and confessed that the Crimes committed by him would be pardon'd only by committing more; and even the Pardon promised could not be obtained till the Drudgery of Swearing was over.

In the first place, under that Ignominious Reflection, *Of giving Reputation to their Designs*; the Discovery of the whole *Phanatical Plot* is insinuated to be all Juggle and Combination. Tho the World may take notice of a wonderful Difference betwixt the Quality of these Discoverers, and those of the *Popish-Plot*. Their Oats and Bedlams, though no better than the Rakings of Jayls, and no higher than Companions for Valets, were nevertheless thought worthy to be *Secret-keepers*, and *Cabinet-Counsellors* of Princes, and honour'd with the universal Belief of a whole applauding Nation for Detection of a hellish Plot, traced up to no less than a Conspiracy of 30000 Bloody-Pilgrims, and as many formidable *Black-Hills*, like the head of *Nilus* up to the Mountains of the Moon. Whereas, on the contrary, these last Witnesses were Men of undisputed Reputation, Birth and Honour, Men so far from Oats his hopes of a Parliamentary Donative of 30000 pound, that the Discovery was made without the least prospect of a Reward. Besides, if these Witnesses were Villains, how comes the Lord Howard to be the Only Evidence against Colonel *Sidney*, and *West, Rumsey, and Keyling* to keep silence

them; when in the Case of *Designs*, as he calls them, and that they had sworn without Fear, or Conscience; or had had but half that *Salamanca* Courage that brought the *Queen* into the Poisoning the *King*, no doubt these three Mutes had opened their Mouths too, and not left the Collonel such a *Loop-hole* for Innocence, as a Pretence of a *Single-Testimony*.

But the Master-stroke of the Colonel's Pen against the Lord *Howard*, is one of the most accurate pieces of Mallice that the most studied *Revenge* could have put together. But if the Lord *Howard's* Life be so infamous, the Colonel had done well to have specified wherein. Almost the whole Life of that Lord, has been notoriously known to have been spent in that very *Old Cause*, which the Colonel Religiously, even to his Death, asserts, styling himself no less than a *Witness of God's Truth*; and consequently, arrogating a Crown of Martyrdom for dying in. Was not *Shaftsbury* all along this Lord's *Gamaliel*? And has he not lived a continually profest Enemy to these very Idols to whom this Gentleman says, *he dy'd a Sacrifice*. And if so, How can this Gentleman render his Accuser's Life so infamous, unless for those very Principles, which he proudly boasts are the glory of his own. Besides, if his many Perjuries are so undeniable, he had done well to have given some Particulars of them. I am certain, the Violation of his Allegiance, in the days of the late Fanatical Rebellion, is none of the Perjuries he intends to lay to his Charge; for then he must make that the Lord *Howard's* infamous Guilt, which he makes his own highest *Vertue* and *Honour*. But if his Perjury consists in his late Discovery; from that the very dying Criminals; nay, some of them against their wills, have been his Compurgators. The very Lord *Russel* in all his Protestations of Innocence in his last Speech confesses he had been at several Meetings where they had discours'd of seizing the King's Guards; and though he endeavours to render it wholly a Discourse by *Accident*, yet as accidental as 'twas, it brought the Lord *Russel* and the Duke of *Monmouth* on purpose to *Shepherd's* to prevent the putting it in Execution, and perswade some violent Men from attempting that which would undo them all.

This indeed is the Lord *Howards* Perjury which the dying *Sidney* quarrels with: and to stigmatize him deeper yet, he very audaciously and Libellously affirms that the Lord *Howard* had not only *Seen* but *CONFEST* that the Crimes he had committed would not be pardoned but for committing of greater; and even the promised pardon not to be obtained till the Drudgery of Swearing was over. 'Tis not enough, it seems, as he says afterwards, *That the Bench was fill'd with those that had been Blemishes to the Bar*: And consequently the Judges corrupted, and the Law perverted; yes and the Court, nay Government itself rendred no less than Supporters of *Popery*, where he tells us *He dyes a Sacrifice to Idols*. But for the last most Diabolical Calumny from the blackest Spirit of Fanaticism, he insolently accuses the King himself of the most wretched Subornation of Perjury, as if the Lord *Howards* Pardon had been only obtained by the merit of Swearing Innocent Men out of their Lives.

Good God! to what Outrages can that sin of Witchcraft Rebellion inchant her Profelites! 'Tis well he satisfies some part of our Astonishment, by owning as he lived so he died a Votary to the good *Old Cause*. And for the Credit of his 40 years Apprentiship to it, he's grown so great a Master in the Craft of it, that I assure

you, he has shot at one Bolt a Blacker Asperision against the Honor of the *Son*, then all the united Tongues and accumulated Forgeries of so many Years Triumphant Rebellion had Impudence to raise against his *Father*. But if it were true, that the *Ld. Howard* had really Confest that he could not obtain a pardon for his Crimes, but by committing more. Why did not this Guiltless, this Plotless Gentleman at his Tryal, lay hold of so lucky an Occasion, as the suborning those People that heard him confess it, to avert the Truth of such a Confession, A Confession, the Proof whereof would not only have been a Confutation of the Credit of his Accuser, and consequently the saving of his own Life; but likewise, an unanswerable Confirmation of that Innocence, which, the whole party so indefatigably labour to uphold, and which, the dying *L. Russel* so boldly asserted, though by equivocating even with Heaven it self on the very Brink of Eternity, and adding at his last Gasp Hypocrisy to Treason, a Crime as Capital at Gods Tribunal as the Other at Mans.

Well, but what signifies that? This dying speech was calculated for the understanding of the Rabble; and Reason or Truth is no part of the Fuel, where the Crowd is to be inflamed. Calumny sticks with them, though never so forged, and Innocence (though but a meer sound) is substantial in a *True Protestant*. The very Foundation of this Gentleman's *Good Old Cause* was all no more. The old Kings *Popery* and *Arbitrary Power* were all rank Calumny and Lies, the Bugbears of so many distracted Years and the Incentives of the most Bloody Civil War, and three flourishing Kingdoms Ruine was all but Sound and Noise. And if *Sham* and *Imposture* was the great Business of the *Good Old Cause* in her Minority, and the *Good Old Cause ex confesso* has been this Gentlemans *Saint* from his Youth to his very Death, I cannot comprehend why she should be more modest or her Conscience straighter laced, in this present, 83, now she has gotten almost half a Hundred Years upon her Back; and therefore this departing Gentleman, from the Standart he dies under, gives us very shrewd Suspicions of the Integrity of his Assertions.

But to return to the Paper. Why this Villanous Reflection against his Majesty, for his Tardiness in granting the *L. Howard* a Converted Fanaticks Pardon; when his trusting or forgiving those sly and not easily reconciled Enemies is the greatest Prudence of the Government; which fresh Example of his Majesties late too hasty Pardon sufficiently testifies: when the Young *Ab-salon* in his late solemn and penitent Confession of his Conspiracy, with the humblest prostration at the Feet of the King & Duke, made only a Politick Incurision into the Court for the Prize and Booty of a Pardon, whilst the noblest Bounty and tenderest Mercy from the best and most indulgent of Kings, was only returned with the poorest of Artifices, and basest Ingratitude.

From this he comes to debate upon the Papers said, (as he calls it) to be found in his Closet by the King's Officers; and complains highly of the Injustice done; first, by laying the Guilt of a Paper to his Charge, only upon the *Similitude of a hand which may be counterfeited*. But the main matter, (and indeed a very great part of the whole Sheet is upon this string) is the vindicating the Innocence of that Manuscript: and accordingly he sets down the several Heads of the Discourse contained in it, as not at all guilty of the least *Treasonable Position*; but on the contray, in his own Opinion, the highest Arguments of Right Reason: the whole Recital

tal of which I shall not here trouble my self with, as being too immaterial here, as indeed they are all *mal a propos*, and impertinently urged there. For what signifies his recital of the heads of a Treatise, in defence of the Innocence of the whole Pamphlet, without mention of those particular Passages which the Jury adjudged Treasonable. If, as by his own Confession, those Topics the Book treats upon, were harmless; it does not at all follow, but dangerous and treasonable Methods may be laid down in it; and that for the very obtaining even the fairest and most plausible Ends. I shall only repeat two Paragraphs of them.

That the Right and Power of Magistrates in every Country was, That which the Laws of that Country, made it to be.

That the Laws were to be observed, and the Oaths taken by them, having the force of a Contract between Magistrate and People, could not be violated, without danger of dissolving the whole Fabrick.

Now, as blameless as this Discourse in his Thoughts may be, what does he infer from the danger of, *Dissolving the whole Fabrick*, upon the supream Magistrates violating of his Oath, but a licence for the People to rebel, to cause this Dissolution in revenge of that Violation. And then, if there can be that Pretence, whatever, to empower them to make such a Dissolution, it necessarily follows, that the Sovereign Power is accountable to his Subjects for his Breach of Trust, and consequently the old *High Court of Justice*, or any other shorter cut to punish him, is the Right and Prerogative of the People. I shall not enlarge upon the Confutation of that damnable Principle, it being the subject of so many Pens already, & the very thought of it the abhorrence of every good Man and true Christian. For though undoubtedly there is not, nor can be a higher Obligation, on a Prince than to Rule by the Laws and defend the Rights of his Subjects; yet upon the Breach of that Obligation, and the Invasion of those Rights, the Tribunal of God is the only place, where he must answer for it. Besides, if Monarchs were questionable, and consequently punishable by the People, let them produce their Law for such questioning, or such a Punishment: but if they can produce no such Law, 'tis very hard, methinks, that those violent *Magna Charta* Blades; and *Liberty and Property* Men, that would rail downright at the whipping but of a Beggar, unless the Letter of the Law brings him to it, should notwithstanding, be for Judging, Condemning, nay, deposing a Monarch without it.

But his greatest Grievance, and that which he calls the highest *Extravagancy* of his Prosecutors, is, that the Contents of that Treatise should be interpreted by them, *as intended to stir up the People in Prosecution of the Designs of the Conspiracy, when nothing of Particular application unto Time, Place, or Persons could be found in it* (as has ever been done by those who endeavour to raise *Insurrections*) all was supply'd by *Innuendo's*. Whatsoever is said of the Expulsion of *Tarquin*: the *Insurrection* against *Nero*. the *Slaughter* of *Caligula* and *Domitian*, the translation of the Crown of France from *Meroveus* to *Pepin*; and from his Descendants unto *Hugh Capet*, and the like is applied by *Innuendo* unto the King.

Now, why his Prosecutors should be arraigned in this Case, I cannot understand; for if Treasonable Tenents were to be spread about in Pamphlets, to possess the People with a hatred of Kings; they could

have none but Fools or Madmen for their Authors, that would send 'um into the World bare-fac'd. The most hardy of all Conspirators, those that daily trusted their Lives and Fortunes in the hands of trusty *Turk* and *Will Bedlow's* in so many hundred Plot-letters, durst hardly ever venture them abroad, without here and there a Cypher at least, as 48 for the King, and Barley-broth for the Parliament. And why so great a Treatise as this, design'd no doubt for Publication should foolishly lay the scene at *White-hall*, and not more wisely at *Tarquin's*, or *Nero's* Court, I cannot apprehend. And if Treason under so transparent a Mask might walk abroad unquestioned, and the Authors unpunish'd, we might quickly see Volumes of it.

But to sum all, he says, that he was long since told, that he must dye, or the Plot must dye.

Now I suppose, none of his Prosecutors told him so; and if his own Party told him it, 'tis very idly brought in here, as an Assertion of no Plot.

His following Objection against this Jury as being *pack'd*, is so unreasonable, that 'tis not worth a reprehension, and the objected want of Free-holders for Jurymen, a Constitution only intended to keep out Vagabonds from Juries, is so idle in the Case of a *London* Jury; where the richest and substantiallest Citizens, nay, often the very *Mayor* and *Sheriffs* under that want, would be incapable of being Jurors, that nothing can be more. His other pretended Injustice, in the denial of a Copy of his Inditement, or the reading the Statute, I leave to the wisdom of the long Robe to decide.

But to sum all: He says, *By these means I was brought to this place. The Lord forgive those Practises and the Evils that threaten the Nation from them. The Lord sanctifie these my Sufferings unto me, and though I fall as a sacrifice to Idols, suffer not Idolatry to be Establish'd in the Land.* Here the Lord *Russell* is quite out-shot, for his Popery was but pouring in upon us, but here the Banks are broken, and 'tis already overflowing whilst his being a sacrifice to Idols, implies he falls by the hand of *Rome*, and so the King Government and Judges, are all the hands and limbs of the Beast already: only he prays it may never be Establish'd. And what's all this, but that the Whore of *Babylon* has invaded the Throne, and only wants the Ceremony of Installment and Coronation, to confirm her Absolute Dominion.

Next he goes on. *Bless thy People and save them, Defend thy own cause, and those that defend it. Stir up such as are faint. Direct those that are willing. Confirm those that waver. Give wisdom and Integrity to all. Order all things so as may most redound to thy own Glory, &c.* which a little more at length is, *Bless thy People and save them, viz. Thy chosen People, that set up Order by Confusion, Religion by Schism, and Reformation by Desolation. Defend the Cause of a Christian Rebellion against an Antichristian Monarchy. Stir up such as are faint, and dare not hazard their Necks in so illustrious a Cause. Direct those that are willing to venture Souls and Bodies. Confirm those that waver betwixt a Scotch Covenant and an English Oath of Allegiance. Give wisdom to all Republick Counsels, and Integrity to all faithful Associates, and order all things so as may redound most to thy own Glory, when we shall Bind their Kings in Chains and their Princes in Fetters of Iron. And that all this is the plain and Genuine sense of his Prayer, the following Clause without Discant or Addition will egregiously demonstrate: for he concludes, *Grant that I may dye glorifying Thee**

for all thy Mercies; and that at the last, Thou hast permitted me to be singled out as a Witness of thy Truth; and even by the Confession of my Opposers for that Old Cause in which I was from my Youth engaged, and for which Thou hast often and wonderfully declared thy self.

For my part, I can no way match this dying Gentleman, but in the Courage of some of the old King's Regicides Executed at Charing Cross, Here the Good Old Cause is expressly asserted, even on the Scaffold, nay, and made no less than the very Shibboleth of G O D. The often and wonderful Successes of a once prosperous Rebellion, and consequently Blood and Sacrilege, the destruction of the Protestant Church, and the solemn Murder of the best of Kings, made no less than the Miraculous Work of the Almighty Hand, and the distinguishing Declaration of Heaven it self. Inasmuch, that there wanted only to this farewell Paper and the Prodigy of Infatuations in this departing Enthusiast to have made his Exit like a perfect second Harrison, to have had him bequeath'd the keeping of his Execution-Coat, as the other did his Velvet-Jump, for his own wearing again after his Third-days Resurrection from the Grave.

This unhappy Paper of his, has truly show'd, he dies with the sublimest Transports, and boldest Resolution of a Pseudo-Protestant Soldier: but alas! without the Conduct of a Machivilian. For this foolish

piece of Scribble has quite destroyed the very Foundation of the whole Party. With what a full-mouth'd Out-cry did the whole Brotherhood abhor, so much as the Imagination of a Common-wealth, or the least Thought against Monarchy. How Capital was it, even during the Sessions of three or four Parliaments, to pretend the least resemblance or tendency of Eighty and Eighty One to Forty, and Forty one. Nay, did not the most violent of the Commons themselves, the very loudest Beagles of Shaftsbury, totally run down all the old Sham-pretences of Popery, and all Republick Machinations whatever, Yes, and did not the very City it self in their memorable Petition to his Majesty, in express terms renounce and abjure all Common-Wealth Principles: and that very Abjuration universally upheld all along to this day? But this unpolitic Gentleman has very unfortunately pull'd off the whole Vizard: has joyn'd the pieces of the Snake together again, and made the present true Protestant Zeal, as a Branch of the Old Cause, no less than a continued Link of the old Chain of Rebellion: nay, and not only avow'd it his own Tenent alone, but offer'd up his Prayers for the People, and the whole Faction under all Classes, the Faint, the Willing, and the Wavering; and given them his own dying Benediction, no otherwise than as the Disciples of the same Belial.

LONDON, Printed for W. C. and are to be sold by W. Davis
in Amen-Corner. 1683.

FINIS

REPRODUCED FROM THE COPY IN THE

HENRY E. HUNTINGTON LIBRARY

FOR REFERENCE ONLY. NOT FOR REPRODUCTION